UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

The World That Will Not Come to An End

By RICHARD CLAUGHTON

The Transformation of the War Function

By CHARLES E. BEALS

Echoes

By ZONA GALE

Special Privilege and Bequests

By LUCIA AMES MEAD

VOLUME LXXXV NUMBER 16

Chicago, June 17, 1920

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

ESTABLISHED 1878

$3.00 PER ANNUM.

With THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, THE CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS, and all other organizations and individuals seeking to widen fellowship and to realize the Brotherhood of the Spirit unrimmed by creed, form or sectarian prejudices

EDITORS
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
FRANCIS NEILSON

ASSISTANT EDITOR
EDITH LLOYD JONES

Vol. I. March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE
Pamphlet Mission
FOR
FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER
IN
RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:
Robert Collyer, Chicago. Wm. C. Gannett, St. Paul.
Jenkin Ll. Jones, Janesville. C. W. Wendte, Cincinnati.
J. C. Learned, St. Louis.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

Frances L. Roberts, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
J. T. Sunderland, 65 Washington St., Chicago, } Editors of
Geo. W. Cooke, Grand Haven, Mich., - } "Notes and News."

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS
Charles E. Beals
Harry Foster Burns
Charles W. Casson
George Willis Cooke
Percy M. Dawson
Frank C. Doan
Charles F. Dole
James Waldo Fawcett
Zona Gale
Emil G. Hirsch
Chester Lloyd Jones
David Starr Jordan
George Grover Mills
George W. Nasmyth
Susan M. Quackenbush
Frederick Starr
Jabez T. Sunderland
Albert R. Vail
Arthur L. Weatherly
James H. West

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, CHICAGO, ILL.
"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

Sample Copies of UNITY Sent Upon Request

DREXEL State Bank

Cottage Grove Ave. *and* Oakwood Blvd.

Thirty-two years of conservative banking, combined with service and courtesy for every depositor —large or small—is the record of this bank . . . . . .

Your savings and checking account cordially invited

Resources Six and one-half Million Dollars

Contents:

EDITORIAL—
Notes 243
The Moral Power of Religion.—J. T. SUNDERLAND..... 245

CONTRIBUTED—
The World That Will Not Come to an End.—RICHARD CLAUGHTON 246
War and Religion. III. The Transformation of the War Function.—REV. CHARLES E. BEALS..... 248
Special Privilege and Bequests.—LUCIA AMES MEAD.... 249
Echoes.—ZONA GALE 250

SELECTED—
Bound by Church and School; How a Community Has Been United.—*Gerald B. Breitigan* 251

POETRY—
Selection.—*Rabindranath Tagore* 243
What Man Can Call Me Captive.—*Witter Bynner*..... 253
How Lyrics Are Born.—*Arthur Guiterman* 253

THE STUDY TABLE—
New Books.—FREDERICK STARR 253
A State of Mind.—REV. ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY..... 254

THE FIELD—
A Letter to the *Christian Register.—John Haynes Holmes* and *John Herman Randall* 255
A Modern Patriarch.—*Richard H. Fries*..... 255

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXV THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1920 NUMBER 16

This is my prayer to thee, my lord—strike, strike at the root of penury in my heart.
Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and sorrows.
Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in service.
Give me the strength never to disown the poor or bend my knees before insolent might.
Give me the strength to raise my mind high above daily trifles.
And give me the strength to surrender my strength to thy will with love. —*Rabindranath Tagore.*

UNITY readers will be rejoiced to learn the good news that Mr. Holmes is getting along splendidly. He left the hospital last Saturday, and is gaining strength every day.

Every reader of UNITY can rejoice that at last justice has in a measure been done by the release of Kate O'Hare from the penitentiary. But the fact that she was imprisoned on what must appear to every candid reader of the testimony produced at her trial most inadequate evidence can never be blotted out of the history of our country. It will ever remain a blot on our escutcheon. All the pardons in the world can never remove that stain. By that imprisonment we were dishonored, not Kate O'Hare. We can congratulate her on her return to her husband and little children, we can be glad of the noble service she has rendered to poor women who were imprisoned with her; but all this is not enough. We must set ourselves to the task of making an America in which that cruel wrong can never happen again. A. L. W.

Social progress rests fundamentally on character. No matter what the social order may be it must be always operated by men and women. Leaders in thought and action will be as necessary in the world of tomorrow as of today. Unless these be individuals of sincerity of mind and holiness of purpose there can be no security and no peace among men. Good causes promising much for the welfare of mankind are being wrecked daily by the vanity, the lust for personal power, the lack of integrity on the part of those who are placed in positions of leadership. Humanity is being betrayed, its hopes shattered and its faith broken by men of weak wills and a low sense of public responsibility. Important as is the attainment of a more perfect social order, it is more important that leaders be developed who can submerge in their devotion to the public good their own petty vanities and ambitions. A. L. W.

Slowly but surely the truth in regard to the "Peace Treaty" is sinking into the consciousness of the American people. The war hysteria is dying out and sober judgment is once more appearing in our midst. We are generally becoming aware of how hideously cruel are the conditions of what that most sober-minded of English publicists, G. Lowes Dickinson, calls the "Carthaginian Peace." It is only a matter of time when we will unite in praising those men of vision and courage who saw from the first that the so-called "Peace Treaty" only laid the foundations for future wars, that it was an alliance in the name of imperialism and a perpetuation of all the hate engendered by the war. The "Peace Treaty" being exposed for what it is, we now can go forward to the great task of the age, the real organization of the peoples of the world. To this task the people of America, not unmindful of their duty to mankind, can give themselves with all their high hope and courage.

A. L. W.

The critics of Maynard Keynes' book, "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," question the conclusions of the eminent British authority on International finance as to the amount of money due the Allies by Germany under the terms of the treaty. A great deal of skill has been shown by economists and others in their efforts to prove that the amounts that Germany must pay the victors are neither exorbitant nor impossible. But these critics continue to miss the real point of Keynes' remarkable book. They devote themselves to the economic chapters and pass over lightly or totally ignore the ethical phases of the question that are presented in the first chapter. The representative of the British Treasury at the Conference states that the basis of the Treaty should rest in the Armistice proposals of Germany. These were that the Central Powers asked for an Armistice on the condition that peace should be established on a treaty based on the Fourteen Points. Mr. Keynes states that Mr. Wilson replied to the German proposals with the statement that it would be necessary for him to consult with his associates before he replied to the Central powers, and that when the Armistice terms were finally agreed upon it was with the definite pledge that the treaty of peace which was to follow would be in harmony with the Fourteen Points. It is the contention of Mr. Keynes that the Treaty of Paris in no wise corresponds with this pledge. This is the point which Mr. Keynes' critics for the most part overlook or ignore. It should be remembered that Mr. F. W. Hirst, editor of "Common Sense," one of the world's greatest authorities on International finance; G. Lowes

Dickinson, Fellow of Cambridge University, Lecturer on Civil Government at the University of London, the English League for Democratic Control, the English Labor Party and many other individuals and organizations in England representing the democratic and forward-looking people of that country, are in agreement with Mr. Keynes that the Peace Treaty does not represent that to which the Allies as well as the United States pledged themselves. A. L. W.

Miss Anne Martin of Nevada is the first woman candidate announced for national office in the coming elections. As an independent candidate for the Senate in 1918 she polled a vote of approximately 5,000 as compared with the Republican vote of 8,000 and the Democratic vote of 12,000. This time she prefers a Republican nomination if it is offered upon the terms of her platform. If opposed, however, by a bi-partisan fusion candidate, she purposes to file her petition as an independent before the primary. Her program falls under eight points, briefly as follows:

1. Opposition to the treaty with Germany and the League of Nations. Support of a league of peace of all nations.
2. Payment of soldiers in war an amount at least equal to civilian pay.
3. Restoration of the rights of free speech, press and assembly.
4. Release of political prisoners and conscientious objectors.
5. Recognition of the right of labor to bargain collectively and to strike.
6. Reduction of cost of living, ending of profiteering and encouragement of production and trade by proposed measures for government control of certain national resources and industries, taxation of profiteers and millionaires made by the war to pay its costs.
7. Public protection of maternity and infancy, removal of children from industry, and the public feeding of undernourished children.
8. The application of the standard of ability instead of sex to determine opportunity and compensation in industry, civil service, education and public office.

Miss Martin has taken sides against "privilege." Her platform should meet an enthusiastic response and no doubt will. If platforms of this sort could only be "put over" as readily as they can be outlined, Miss Martin would not in 1920 need to be contending for half of her eight points, but alas! this is not the case. The best we can do is to elect people with good intentions and programs, and we hope Nevada will do her bit. F. N.

Two documents of unusual value and importance have reached UNITY's table this week. One is the first supplement of *Pax et Libertas,* the monthly news sheet of the Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom, edited in Zurich by Miss Emily Green Balch and obtainable in this country from the chairman, Miss Jane Addams, at Hull House, Chicago, or by paid membership in the International League. This supplement is of especial importance because it contains a careful and elaborate study of the present economic situation in Central Europe together with reprints from original documents from both Allied and Teutonic sources, showing the terrible conditions of famine existing in the defeated countries and in Russia and the terrors induced by the blockades. The study is largely the work of Henry Packwood Adams, whose connection with the Famine Information Bureau in London has given him first hand information on the subject. We quote a few sentences from Mr. Adams' report:

> In spite of the fact that attention has been so largely focussed on the cruel sufferings along the western front, still worse conditions have been created by the war on the eastern front and in the Near East, in Syria, Turkey and—"sorrows crown of sorrow"—Armenia. . . .
>
> To say that the problem of Central Europe is crucial is not to belittle the importance, also crucial, of bringing the Russian people once more into the circle of the world's life and of re-establishing normal relations with that vast area. . . .
>
> Sixty millions of people in the middle of Europe, the people perhaps the most capable in the world of organization, are the hub of the economic wheel on the European continent and must be made economically sound if the world is to prosper. These people are now seriously undernourished, especially in the so-called middle classes. . . .
>
> If Germany has a treaty which condemns her to slavery, Austria has one which condemns her to death. . . .

Such statements as these from one familiar with the situation cannot but bring sharply home to every mind the question of America's duty in this matter. We have done well in refusing—even though from mixed motives—to ratify the cruel and hate-begetting treaty, but the President's veto of the Senate's declaration of peace should bring upon him sufficient condemnation from the American public to secure his approval of such a measure at the first reassembling of Congress, or, better still, the calling of a special session for that purpose. The public should not allow its attention to be distracted and its sense of justice befuddled by the noise of political conventions and specious platform promises which at best could not be carried into effect until after March fourth.

S. M. Q.

Another document, which we urge our readers to secure from the American Civil Liberties Bureau at 138 West Thirteenth Street, New York City, for the trifling sum of five cents, is a pamphlet entitled "Since the Buford Sailed," and contains a detailed account of the activities of Mr. Palmer and his underlings in arresting, condemning and deporting aliens for their alleged "red" tendencies, since the first ship sailed on its shameful voyage. We believe that even those who have tried to keep themselves well informed concerning Mr. Palmer and his terroristic methods of annihilating the Constitution, will be shocked by the evidence set forth in this report, which is taken chiefly from court records and the documents of the Department of Justice itself, and from Mr. Louis F. Post's commendable efforts to rectify the errors of the department. Two of these statements are so startling

that we reproduce them here, though they have already been mentioned in these columns. They are from the hearing before Judge George F. Anderson of the United States District Court, of applications for writs of *habeas corpus* made by thirteen alien communists arrested in Boston and held under $10,000 bail. In the hearing, evidence was produced tending to suggest the employment by Mr. Palmer of the *agent provocateur,* that instrumentality of tyranny so familiar to all Russians under the Czar but hitherto unknown to Americans. In response to the District Attorney's protest against this suggestion, Judge Anderson said:

> You needn't go any further. The admission here that government under-cover informants planned to stimulate Communist meetings to make easy the arrest of members lays solid foundation for an inference of that kind, and makes it perfectly easy to argue that persons in the employ of the government might have issued literature intended to bring into condemnation people connected with the party. I don't know anything about it, but there is evidence here that the Government owns and operates part of the Communist Party. That means something to anyone who has had experience with spies in private industry.

In the course of the trial there was submitted in evidence a memorandum of instructions from Assistant Chief Frank Burke to the local heads of the Bureau of Information of the Department of Justice. Mr. Burke was appointed by Chief William J. Flynn, "who was taken from private life and placed in personal charge of the campaign against radicalism" by Mr. Palmer himself. These instructions, after stating that "the tentative date fixed for the arrests of the communists is Friday evening, January 2, 1920," contain these significant directions.

> If possible you should arrange with your under-cover informants to have meetings of the Communist Party and the Communist Labor Party held on the night set. I have been informed by some bureau offices that such arrangements will be made. This, of course, would facilitate the making of arrests. . . .
>
> I have made mention above that the meeting places and residences of the members should be thoroughly searched. I leave it entirely to your discretion as to the method by which you should gain access to such places. If due to the local conditions in your territory, you find that it is absolutely necessary for you to obtain a search warrant for such premises, you should communicate with the local authorities a few hours before the time for the arrest is set and request a warrant to search the premises.
>
> In cases where arrests are made of persons not covered by warrants, you should at once request the local immigration authorities for warrants.

The statistics of these cases are also illuminating:

> From January 1st to May 5th there have been 2,094 cases reviewed by the Assistant Secretary of Labor; in 547 of these, deportation has been ordered; in 1,547 the deportation warrant has been cancelled and the alien set free. There are 481 cases remaining undetermined. Roughly, out of every four cases Mr. Palmer has been right once and wrong three times. Every four times that he has said that he has caught a Communist he has actually caught one only once, and this is without taking into consideration any save two of the Communist Labor Party cases, in all of which the warrants must now be cancelled. S. M. Q.

The Moral Power of Religion

As we travel across the years we are all going to meet numberless disappointments, discouragements, failure of plans, dashing to pieces of cherished expectations; such is the human lot. How are we going to be able to bear up under these? The danger is that as a result of them we may lose hope, courage, incentive, interest in life. What can save us? Nothing can so effectually save us as a noble religious faith, which looks beyond seemings to realities, beyond temporal things to eternal, and sees that in the soul itself lies all enduring good; so that if even riches take to themselves wings and fly away, and earthly prospects fail, and disappointments in matters of worldly interest or ambition come, the real ends of our existence are not affected; still, the soul, strong in the life of God and confident of an immortal destiny, rises serene above all these temporary clouds of earth, its hope undimmed, its courage undaunted.

Nor is anything less to be said as to the practical value of religion in the sorrows and anxieties connected with that deepest of all mysteries, death. It does not take a long experience in this world to teach us all that we are in a land whose green soil on every side breaks with startling ease into graves. The sunniest faces of today, tomorrow are wet with tears of sorrow for loved ones gone to return no more. And the end for ourselves, we know is only just a little way on down the road.

What can help us in all this? Man in all his experience on the earth has found no such help, in the nature of things there can be no such help, as the calm, strong faith in the soul, that Wisdom and Goodness are at the heart of this Universe,—that we and all our loved ones, for life and for death, are in the hands of One who cannot do wrong and will not be unkind.

We none of us know much about our future. God kindly hangs a veil before our eyes. But this much we most surely know, the future of each of us will be full of deep heart needs, which must be supplied from some source higher than ourselves.

We shall all, a thousand times over in the years that are coming, be pressed hard by temptations —temptations to hold lightly by our integrity; to stoop somewhat below high honor; to suppress the truth when we ought bravely to speak it out; to vary from the line of strict honesty in business; to be selfish when we ought to be generous; to ask what is easy, or popular, or expedient, when we ought to think only of what is right; to yield weak and slavish obedience to our appetites or passions, instead of keeping our lower natures in subjection to our higher. What can help us in these crisis times of life? What can give us strength to stand on our feet and be men—yielding obedience ever to conscience as our king? There is no such help as re-

ligion. The soul that has once definitely committed itself to the religious life, that has opened itself to religion as an experience, that has learned to identify the voice of conscience with the voice of God, is armed against temptation in all its forms as no other can possibly be. Consciously in alliance with a power higher than his own, by a subtle law this higher power flows into his life.

Let me not be mistunderstood. There are other influences besides religion that have elevating, ennobling and saving power. These should not be made light of or undervalued. Among the more important of such influences are doubtless education, homes, association with the good—and in their way, science, philosophy, laws, physical environment. All these should be employed and made the most of, and some of them are exceedingly important. And yet it is no disparagement to any of these to say that, as an agency for bringing hope to the despairing, comfort to the sad, courage to the faltering, succor to the tempted, strength to the weak, patience in trial, light in bereavement, calmness in the presence of death, and above all moral and spiritual regeneration to men dead in indifference and sin, none of them have a tithe of the power of religion. As a practical reformatory influence in society, as a begetter of moral power, as an inspiration to men to live for the highest things, religion has been, at least through all Christian history, is now, and probably always will be, without a rival, without the possibility of a rival—something alone, unique, incomparable, truly divine—divine because the point at which man consciously lays hold of a strength higher than his own; divine because the point at which the divine life flows consciously into his life.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

I confess without shame that I am tired and sick of war. Its glory is all moonshine. Even success the most brilliant is over dead and mangled bodies, the anguish and lamentation of distant families appealing to me for missing sons, husbands and fathers. It is only those who have not heard a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded and lacerated, that cry aloud for more blood, more vengeance. War is hell! —*William Tecumseh Sherman.*

Let us never forget that hope kindles hope, that smiles beget smiles, that trust creates trust, that goodness stimulates goodness, that love awakens love, and that in unseen but sure ways integrity, strength and honor in us plant the seeds of honor, strength and integrity in numberless other lives. J. T. S.

For what should we live? Is it not to make children love and trust us by being worthy of their love and trust? To make people around us truer through seeing that we are true? To kindle moral heroism in others by always trying to do the thing we ought, even when it is hard? J. T. S.

The World that Will Not Come to An End

A few months ago the Mother Shiptons of science caused a sensation among the credulous by circulating the report that the world would come to an end on a certain day, but we do not remember that the announcement caused any appreciable effect upon the routine of existence of the millions who in their heart of hearts believed that some such catastrophe would be quite in order. It is a perverse world in which we live, and it has stood the shocks of prognosticating scientists without showing any noticeable signs of decay. It goes on revolving in its waggish way impervious to the sins of the sinners and the prophecies of the prophets. The load of sin that it carries does not seem to cause any strain upon its axis, and the denunciations of the righteous leave it sublimely unconscious of the fact that the sun shines with favor only too often upon the unjust. Perhaps the world is getting used to the ways of the obituary writer and has made up its mind that it will not die, at any rate when some people expect it to. Of course there are people who indulge in the belief that when it does come to an end it will make a sudden business of it for the sole purpose of taking the scientists unawares. Anyway every prophecy has been made to look supremely foolish so far. In Yorkshire in the fifteenth century there lived an old lady whose name was Shipton, called by her neighbors "the Devil's child," and it is to her undoubtedly that the palm from the directors of the Hall of Fame for sensational prophecy should go. Perhaps no person mentioned in history has such a record as she for scaring the wits out of the credulous. Her appearance, from the description given by her historian, Richard Head, 1684, was enough to terrify the people of her time. Her "body was of indifferent height, her head was long, with sharp fiery eyes, her nose of an incredible and unproportionate length, having many crooks and turnings, adorned with many strange dimples of divers colors, as red, blue and dirt, which like vapors of brimstone gave such a lustre to her affrighted spectators in the dead time of the night, that one of them confessed several times in my hearing that her nurse needed no other light to assist her in her duties." The writer when he was a boy saw a picture of this scientist of the Middle Ages and he did not sleep for many nights. But it was not only the sight of her picture that caused the restless hours; her prophecy printed on cards and circulated throughout England some forty years ago was the cause of many perturbations affecting the routine of the day. In the window of a cobbler near the school I attended when I had nothing better to do there hung a copy of Mother Shipton's prophecy, the last two lines of which were:

> And the world to an end shall come
> In eighteen hundred and eighty one.

It is needless to state that life was uncertain and often not worth living until New Year's Day, 1882. But what would you? Had not this same old lady put the fear of God into the hearts of such men as Cardinal Wolsey, the Duke of Suffolk, Lord Percy, and, as it is said, even into the heart of the Defender of the Faith, Henry VIII? Then it needs no stretch of the imagination to understand how she scared a little boy into doing many things his parents thought desirable for their happiness. The year 1881 will

not be forgotten for a long time by the story-tellers in rural England. Scarcely a village escaped the panic caused by the so-called prophecy of Mother Shipton. Parsons since the time of Moses have not had such an effect upon the people. The villagers spent night after night in their chapels praying and otherwise preparing themselves for the catastrophe. My grandmother for a fortnight did nothing but pray, and my grandfather, never afraid of witch or devil, then over ninety years of age, was heard to apologize to his Creator for letting an oath slip in the presence of his wife, a practice he had never before curtailed. What we would do without our Mother Shiptons of necromancy or science is hard to tell, for life to the many is a pretty monotonous business. The art of prophecy adds variety to an otherwise colorless existence.

George Douglas Brown, the author of "The House With the Green Shutters," in discussing this question of the prophecies of necromantists, said that many mothers and most nurse maids carried on the tradition of the Shiptons in the nursery as a means of making life easier for themselves, and that millions of children must have been reared on prophecy never fulfilled. He said children were now so used to bad prophets that it would be impossible for even a Mother Shipton of the appearance described by the redoubtable Richard Head to cause a modern child a moment's misgiving about the world coming to an end. There may be something in that. Indeed we have lived through periods in this country that have shown the most extraordinary perversions of middle century notions. We have seen the witch-finder more dangerous to society than the witch. Moreover, we have learned that the witch has ceased to exist, but as she has disappeared from society we have seen the witch-finders increase mightily, and they have so prospered in their business that many of them occupy the seats of the Mighty wherever a legislature is to be found in session. The fact is, the people generally have become inveterate skeptics, and only the few whose business it is to look after our meals and our morals indulge in romance, prophecy and the black arts. Albertus Magnus, Paracelsus, and Mother Shipton have handed over their scepters and crucibles and brooms to the credulous politicians of the modern world. And strange as it may seem to those who have studied this great question of a catastrophic finish to the world in which we live, the politicians and diplomatists have come nearer to bringing it to an end than all the prophets ancient and modern.

There may be something in the notion that the world will come to an end either through the efforts of the politicians or the Mother Shiptons of science at the end of a period of a thousand years, for it must be admitted that we have passed through at least three extraordinary crises just about a thousand years apart. Sometimes we are reminded by a parson of great erudition that something of the kind was expected about the beginning of the Christian Era, but Rome was spared the humiliation of having to prepare for its fall by other agencies than its own, and Caligula was left to the Romans to make a perfectly amazing holiday for his friends while he created an abattoir for his enemies. No doubt there were numbers of people within the boundaries of the Roman Empire who thought it was time the world should come to an end, and a study of the period certainly justifies the notions of such people; nevertheless, though their disappointment must have been grievous in the extreme, the world went on wagging for another thousand years as if prophets never existed.

To what extent Sismondi is read in these days of government documents and the parceling out of tons of Communistic literature no one can say but the Department of Justice. Still it is worth while for students of this subject to turn in an idle hour to "The History of the Fall of the Roman Empire," by Sismondi, for they will not only find delectable matter in its pages, but also an exceedingly vivid description of what happened on the second occasion of the expected end of the world. At the end of the tenth century the prophets were at work again, and they did their business with a thoroughness that Mother Shipton must have envied. At that time a great number of the Charters, still to be found in the archives of many European countries, began with the words "Appropinquinte fine mundi" and then went on to say that because of "certain and evident signs" there was left no room for doubt of the rapid approach of the end of the world. There was not a country that was not shaken by the terror which the announcement created, and men of all conditions were afflicted with fear. But the religious fervor of the people was redoubled, and great were the changes made in the life of the people. Misers became liberal and generous, acts of piety were wrought by the deepest sinners, bequests alienated by people from their families were restored and redistributed, enemies were reconciled and "many powerful men granted full pardon to those who had been unhappy enough to offend them; several even gave liberty to their slaves, ameliorated the condition of their poor and hitherto slighted dependents." Society was thrown into a state of extraordinary disorganization by the belief that the end of the world was imminent. The effect on literature was most distressing, for we are told that the information of the approaching end of the world led the greater part of the contemporary writers to lay down the pen, and that historians decided it was no use writing for a posterity whose existence was so doubtful. The records tell us the silence was complete for a long while. Think of it! Every legislator stopped speaking, and all the editors had time to think. It was a terrible state of affairs. It was, however, no Mother Shipton who was responsible for that scare; indeed it was the twentieth chapter of the Apocalypse which announced that, after a lapse of a thousand years, Satan would be let loose to deceive the nation (this is the authority some malicious people have for stating that Satan was a diplomatist); but that, after a little season, God would cause a fire to come down from heaven and devour him. Again the event was unhappily postponed and the rulers of the earth were left to see what they could do in the way of bringing things to an end by wars of extermination. And here we are again at the end of another thousand years perpetuating the prophetical blunders and political disastors of our ancestors, without the long expected catastrophe bringing the slightest relief. The escape recently made without any demonstrations of rejoicing on the part of the people may mean that we shall have to plod along for another thousand years with the Devil still loose to deceive the nations, Apoca-

lypse or no Apocalypse. It is a sad state of affairs, and must be borne whether we like it or not, but if we can only have every now and then during the next ten centuries a Mother Shipton to make things lively for sinners we may be able to endure our time of travail until the world really does come to an end.

RICHARD CLAUGHTON.

War and Religion

By Charles E. Beals

III.—THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE WAR FUNCTION.

Hitherto all attempts to end war have ended in failure. In spite of education, preaching, moral appeal, the organization of peace societies, the formulation of social science, the building up of international law, and the creation of an international tribunal, militarism is more strongly intrenched than ever before. Because of the failure of these frontal attacks, militarists gleefully contend that war is absolutely ineradicable. And many other persons honestly regard the attempt to overcome the war habit as a hopeless task. Is the outlook so hopeless?

Consider man's plasticity. All living things, especially human beings, are capable of change and are subject to mutation. To this quality scientists give the name plasticity. Perhaps nothing more clearly demonstrates the fact of plasticity than the scores and even hundreds of vestigial organs which are found in vertebrate animals, especially in man. These organs once fulfilled useful functions, but changed conditions of existence made them needless and they ceased to function. That human nature changes is proved by these vestigial organs.

One thing which differentiates man from the lower animals is his unique ability to determine the direction and speed of his development. Human intelligence and human volition become no unimportant factors in the evolution of man. Through scientific discoveries, mechanical inventions, social customs and political and moral reforms, human existence has been transformed, and with this transformation of environment, certain new sets of habits have grown up. In the light of these well attested facts, it is not unscientific to ask whether, under proper conditions, the war habit may not be supplanted with a more useful habit.

If we study Nature's method of achieving progress we find that it is by transformation of function that physical, mental, and moral advance is gained. When some new and higher task is to be performed, Nature rarely begins *de novo*, but takes an organ already developed, or a habit already established, and commits to it the performance of the new function, modifying said organ or habit, if necessary, to enable it to fulfill its new and higher function.

Scores of examples might be cited. Glance at the back-boned animals. Those organs which in fishes appear as gill-slits, appear in the higher forms of animals as ears. To the breast fin of the fish corresponds, in birds, the wing; and, rising higher in the scale of creation, we find the same organ in the five-pointed fore-limb of the quadruped; and, higher still, though with very slight variation, the wonderful human hand. Even more wonderful was the development of the organs of sight. From a mere rudimentary pigment spot in the worm, by development and variation of successive layers, gradual changes are seen, in the higher and higher forms of life, until you reach the marvelous eyes of certain insects and man's sensitive sight organs. Organs of respiration, of locomotion, of grasping, illustrate this principle of transformation of function in the realm of animal life.

The history of social customs, laws, morals, or religious doctrine shows that equally radical changes have taken place in the realm of thought and feeling. We outgrow old ideas and ideals. And the more knowledge we acquire, and the more moral we become, the more rapidly these changes take place in institutions, laws, conduct and worship.

Hence he who says that human nature never changes and never can change, simply ignores facts and proclaims his own stupidity. Human nature has been changing from the first moment when man appeared on earth, and is changing faster today than ever before. Because of the obvious and undeniable fact of human plasticity, therefore, we are warranted in hoping that sometime men may change their habits, customs, and practices sufficiently to banish military warfare from the earth. And if we master the scientific principle of transformation of function, we shall learn what method to adopt to bring about this result.

Hitherto, as we have said, every effort to abolish war has been in vain. Does not the secret of our failure lie in the fact that we have tried to work *against* Nature instead of working *with* Nature? For thousands of generations, Nature, doubtless for some good reason, has been at work building up in man a fighting instinct. Would it not be unscientific to throw away or suppress an instinct which Nature has taken pains to generate, an instinct which has been produced at an incalculable cost of human suffering? May there not be found, rather, some method of harnessing that instinct to a new and higher task, while at the same time eliminating that part which has fulfilled its original use and now has come to be detrimental and an actual menace to human existence? In other words, Nature's principle of transformation of function should be applied to the war habit. The fighting instinct should be retained, but it should be carried up to a higher plane than that of man-killing. Just as Franklin tamed the lightning by harnessing the electricity-giant to serve man instead of destroying man, so the war spirit should be retained as a valuable asset, but it must be disarmed and harnessed to a noble task.

Mr. Emerson said that it was an idea which made war and he predicted that an idea would end war. If evolutionary science has any lesson for the student of the war problem, the much needed war-ending idea probably is contained in this principle of *transformation of function*. The hope of getting rid of war lies in this direction. Instead of saying to the human race, "Stop fighting," we should say, *"Transform* your fighting." Keep up the fighting spirit, but let it find an outlet in a higher kind of warfare. Retain and use all the soldier virtues of loyalty, courage, idealism, self-discipline and self-sacrifice in campaigning for nobler things than military victory. It is high time to turn from gory, unbrotherly strife, worthy only of wild beasts and wild men, to a higher struggle; to a struggle worthy of our times, our knowledge, our social outlook and moral ideals. Fight on, ever fight; but henceforth, instead of spilling human blood, "fight the *good* fight."

Is not this the word of truth which God is trying to spell out to our sluggish intelligence in this blood-dripping twentieth century? Perhaps nothing short of a world war and the breakdown of human society would suffice to "sting us broad awake" and make us realize the vital importance of banishing militarism. Long did the world wait for a Copernicus to read the secrets of astronomy; long did gravity wait for a Newton sensitive enough to become its interpreter; electricity waited long for a Franklin, and evolution for a Darwin. Long has the sphinx of war challenged man to spell out its puzzling riddle. But modern science has put into our hands new data, new tools, new powers. We are now able, if we will, to appreciate the higher possibilities wrapped up in war. In the light of the scientific principle of transformation of function we may read the secret. Work *with* Providence, not *against* it. *Transform!* Is not this God's own word of revelation to a weltering world?

(To be continued)

Special Privilege and Bequests

A few months ago a man who had great possessions left them. He was one of the 14,000 pre-war millionaires whose numbers have been augmented since 1914 by 20,000. In a life of nearly seventy years he had accumulated $147,000,000. In some degree he was a type of a new product of civilization and as such worth studying.

I once heard T. W. Higginson say that when he was a boy there was only one man in the state of Massachusetts who had one million dollars. The boys gazed at him with awe. It seemed incredible that any one could own such an unthinkable sum. We are no longer stunned at any colossal fortune owned by one man. When Mr. Frick left to public purposes $117,000,000, it startled us less than when, over twenty years ago, Mr. Carnegie gave $10,000,000 to Scottish universities and set the pace for large gifts. The gift, however, has been loudly applauded. "A model will for multimillionaires," says one editor. "The so-called swollen fortune is not an evil in itself as some people seem inclined to suppose," says another in praise of the immense proportion to be given to public purposes, though there has been a cooling of enthusiasm since it was learned that the great deduction for inheritance tax was shrewdly provided should be taken out of the amount dedicated to philanthropy and education.

Other millionaires will die and will leave bequests. Is this type the one to be emulated? In one respect, yes. It did not foolishly tie up the donations so that they could not be put to proper use, like the gift of $18,000,000 recently left to Yale University, which in no way meets but rather increases its general needs. When an expensive building is given with no money for upkeep it adds a burden to the treasury and diminishes professors' salaries. Mr. Frick left a huge endowment to take care of his palace and art treasures, donated to the public, and a public park at Pittsburg. But when this is said there is little more that showed great judgment. Unlike Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Frick, like Mr. Sage, got no satisfaction in seeing others enjoy his wealth in his own lifetime. Unlike him in his original type of gifts—to promote research, world peace, pension professors, etc.—Mr. Frick's gifts were of the usual conventional type, showing no original thought. Though he lived to see fifty million people on the verge of starvation, cold and disease, he left nothing for suffering Europe or for any country but our own. Though we have been shocked to find the widespread illiteracy of our land—one-fourth of our soldiers unable to read a newspaper or to write a letter—no money goes to education or to that oppressed class of black Americans whom our rich donors usually neglects in favor of the more fortunate.

Do these observations seem ungracious and impertinent? Has not every one a right to do what he pleases with his own and is not looking a gift horse in the mouth a proverbial improper act? That depends. Certainly every man has a legal right to do what a conscientious steward of wealth has no moral right to do. Notions of legal rights and moral rights are strangely mixed; far too many think them synonymous. What a man has earned with his own toil he has a right to. What a man has accumulated as unearned increment by special privilege is another matter and one which the public should discuss. The Inter-Church movement is presenting a new conception of stewardship.

Mr. Frick left $25,000,000 to his family. This it must be acknowledged was a smaller proportion of his wealth than most men leave to their families, and for his sense of his public obligations we are appreciative; perhaps few would have had as much. But did he earn even this fraction that his family received? Some men's work is priceless.

He had an extraordinary genius for accumulating, but it is a question whether his power to give a *quid pro quo* to the public greatly exceeded that of many men who have never amassed one million. Accumulation does not mean earning. But we will assume that he had rightly earned what he left his family. To have produced the remainder which he gave to the public, he must have worked 390 years at the rate of a thousand dollars a day 300 days a year. Is it not evident that ability to make this gift was due to the very thing which in a democracy we are supposed to abhor, namely, special privilege? The gift was merely a repayment in special fashion to a part of the public of what had been the public's own by moral right.

Four centuries ago, a voluptuous monarch left the ancestor of the present Duke of Bedford a domain of open fields west of London town. Today, because of the special privilege of this inherited estate which others have made valuable and with the help of the inequity of primogeniture and entail, this man draws rentals from a large section of London. For his great wealth he has never lifted a finger. The public built roads, paved them, laid sewers and gas mains, erected churches, schools and miles of shops and made him a multimillionaire because he had a legal, antiquated clutch upon the land. He may be an idiot and all his ancestors may have been worthless, but nevertheless the stream of gold goes from the toilers into his coffers. They are helpless to regain what is their own until they break the superstition of traditional notions about land which no man created and which is the gift of God.

But the British toilers with hand and brain are beginning to see a great light. No longer can the in-

equities in land-tenure go unquestioned. Ten years hence, for events are moving fast, we may see an end to some of the anomalies that buttress special privilege today. But as yet in America one hardly dares to breathe that our inequities must be righted lest a clamor rend the air and "socialist" be the mildest epithet launched in hot fury against anyone who dares question the sacred tradition about land.

The seething unrest that is fast increasing is not to be suppressed by most of the methods that scared congressmen and editors are proposing. It is not merely the high cost of living, not merely the dislocation incident to war that have aroused the mighty discontent that will not down. Unless it is given a chance to voice itself in fair debate, unless it receives respect and attention, it will mean a disruption of the old order by violent instead of peaceful means. For the public mean to come into their own.

That what the Almighty has buried in the earth and no man made belongs to the community by divine right is a doctrine that an increasing number of sober Christian people are believing. They mean to take slow, legal methods to make divine rights into legal rights and, meanwhile, to tax more heavily special privilege during the process of readjustment. This doctrine is not socialism. It is elementary justice. The colossal fortunes made by the groups of millionaires in the Standard Oil, the Steel Trust, the Anaconda mines, etc., were made by taking according to methods, hitherto legal, the hidden treasures of the earth, for which only in rare instances was due compensation made. A doughboy, just returned, has discovered that some supposed worthless land in Texas has rich deposits and he reaps overnight $6,000,000. The Steel Trust, which has taken three-fourths of its iron ore from Minnesota, is reported as paying 24 percent dividends and has paid in total amount over two and a third billion dollars, chiefly due to nature's contribution to the general wealth of which they, for a small amount, bought legal control. This enables them to build New York palaces and to control avenues of communication, of information and of influence. Special privilege gives men whose names are almost unknown the power of monarchs. Had the state of Minnesota at the start nationalized all mining property, paying a handsome sum to the clever organizers and engineers who could develop them and deliver the goods, what might it not have meant in reducing taxes to zero and increasing public privileges and benefits?

As Professor Kirsopp Lake has recently said of the Protestant churches, if they are to hold their place and enlist the interest of the rising generation, they can do it only as they show how Christian principles of equity should be applied to the great problems of labor, capital and property which are the burning questions of the day. They must show the unChristian character of laws which encourage special privilege and generate the spirit of class division and bitterness. Some Christians realize this, and like Professor Harry Ward, are "on the job." Others have not yet learned the rudiments of what they are called to teach if they would be a light in a befogged social atmosphere. It is easy to flatter and to be servilely grateful when huge gifts come our way. It is an unpleasant task to sharply inquire what was the real source of that wealth; but more and more patriots who will take the trouble to think and are not too cowardly to speak are going to demand that the men whom they place in office shall so legislate that divine rights shall become legal rights and that special privilege, like slavery, shall be abolished.

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

Echoes

One of the loveliest imaginable pictures to hang in the room of a child—or in any room—is Ivanowski's "Christ Child." It is the head of a young boy, not Orientalized or Westernized, either. Merely, as someone has somewhere used the word, "Heavenized." It is the head of the child, instinct with all the possibilities of exquisite function and faculty which childhood may have, though we seldom let these remain. It is more than this—it is the child of the new race, one of the new children, looking for others to bear him company. It is more than this—it is the being who partook of power which he knew to be his in realization and ours in potentiality. It is more than this. . . .

* * *

A high school senior was discussing with some of us a point in ethics, and when it was settled to her satisfaction, she suddenly said:

Yes, I think that would be the right way to act. But why? Why should I do all that? What's the use? Here I am in a world where every standard seems different from those I've always been taught to believe are right. How do I know that I need to bother?

It was the primal query, and put like that, with its naked honesty, it took us off-guard. Later, we discussed what we might have said to her. And, trying be as primitive as she, we phrased it somewhat like this:

We "need to bother" for two general reasons:

To illustrate the first reason, let us take Charlotte Perkins Gilman's visit to the universe. She imagines us off on a visit to the uttermost sun, and then to be turning homeward. She imagines us passing strange heavenly bodies, inter-stellar bodies which we have never glimpsed, and gradually coming within the area where burn the old familiar constellations—the Bear, the Pleiades, Orion, Lyra. What a sense of familiarity they would have for us! Then into our own solar system, and there great Jupiter and red Mars would be like well-recognized mile-stones. And when at a last, veiled in her vapors, we should sight the Earth —what a rapture of recognition! If at that point in space anybody should ask us where we live, we would not say America, or Illinois, or Chicago, or such a street and number. We would say: "Earth." Earth would be home.

And that is exactly our case. Earth is our home. We are in charge of a planet. There is the first reason why we need to "bother."

And the second reason would be because we ourselves are virtually undiscovered beings. We know as yet almost nothing about ourselves. Sleep, for example, is as great a mystery to us as a few years ago was the circulation of the blood. From a little area of consciousness we look out on other people's little area of consciousness, all pushing back the dark by a little crack. It is almost certain that we all have functions and powers which we have not yet dimly apprehended. It is more than probable that another order of being

is to develop from us, as we from a lower order.

And so far our only sure knowledge of the way to develop is through exquisite living. There is the second reason why we need to "bother."

We wished that we had said something like that to the high school senior. Perhaps it is as good an answer as any to "What's the use?"

* * *

Recently my father said something memorable regarding cant. Someone had been holding forth indignantly about the amount of cant that has been talked on patriotism, the home, and various institutions; and saying that we are all too complacent, that we wish to believe that these things are perfect and so we say that they are so, regardless of truth.

"When," the critic wound up warmly, "shall we stop talking cant and face these things as they really are?"

And my father said quietly: "The need is not to stop talking cant. The need is to make the cant come true."

* * *

I have acquired two playthings which I recommend as gifts for anybody, child or adult, to help to teach him wonder.

One is a radioscope. A little tube of copper, three inches long, with a magnifying glass in each end. And between the glasses, a bit of gauze on which has been sprinkled a little radium salts. Looked at in the dark, the actual action by emanations is visible in a progress of vivid sparks, flashing out from the gauze.

It is necessary to take the instrument to the darkness, and then to wait for it a bit until the eye is sufficiently adjusted to the dark. Then one ray and another will begin to sparkle, and at last the whole will play and flash like a star. The experience of watching is like the experience of looking on at universal, cosmic process. I know a child who sleeps with a radioscope beneath her pillow, and wakes in the night to look at it, faithfully flashing; and "so sees God."

The other plaything is a radiometer—the tiny globe, a vacuum, in which are poised four little arms of platinum which rest until the globe is set in a window, or near the light, and then whirl in instant response.

There is something about these two objects which will bring the most unimaginative person face to face, momentarily, with wonder.

* * *

And speaking of the sun, Miss Mary Johnston has pointed out in "Michael Forth," her wonderful last book, that, as light's velocity is counted, we are only ten minutes from the sun!

ZONA GALE.

Oh! do not let us wait to be just or pitiful or demonstrative toward those we love until they or we are struck down by illness or threatened with death! Life is short, and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are travelling the dark journey with us. Oh be swift to love, make haste to be kind!—*Henry Frederic Amiel.*

SELECTED

Bound By Church and School

How a Community Has Been United

Two buildings stand out prominently among the fifty-odd comprising the village of Byron as you approach it across the Minnesota prairie. The trees of the winter landscape are leafless, there is some snow on the ground, and against such a background the warm red brick of those two buildings has an inviting appearance. As a setting for them here and there among the trees are comfortable-looking homes, many by their architectural features of very recent construction. With those two dominant buildings and those pleasant homes, the scene somehow reminds you of a happy family of children gathered about a pair of fine parents.

That impression, moreover, deepens as you talk to the man who is not averse to halting on the cement sidewalk at your hail and answering your questions. It is mid-afternoon of a period following a hard cold spell, and although the air is frosty it is pleasant to be outdoors in the sun. He is dressed in his Sunday best, although it is a week day, and obviously is loitering, so you feel that you are not keeping him from some task by your interrogations, and you fire ahead.

To begin with, you can see that Byron is only a small village, and you know its population is little more than 200. So you want to know about those buildings. Plainly one is a school. But why such a large school, taking up almost a block of ground, three stories in height? Just as clearly, the other is a church. But why such a fine looking church of brick, when country villages frequently have rather poor looking houses of worship built of wood with the paint flecking off? And why only one church, when many a village of this size has three?

The man smiles with pride as he answers your questions. "Well, that's our consolidated school," he says. "All the grades are taught there, and we have the four-year high school course, too. Children come in from the farms around here. They don't have to leave the farm any more to go to some big town for a high school education. That school cost $45,000.

"The other building is our Community Church. It's a Methodist Church, but Catholics, Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Christians, Universalists, Dutch Reformed and Lutherans all worship there together. There used to be another church here but it closed its doors after this one got to serving the community.

"It was the preacher we used to have and the church people that got the school," he says. "That preacher, Mr. Hickman, certainly made things hum, and the church keeps it going just the same now. Always something doing. Why, tell you what, you come around to the church tonight and into the gymnasium—we've got a gymnasium—and you'll see a good volley ball game. I'm on a team," he concludes. "That's why I'm in town now. My farm's out that way"—with an indefinite wave of the hand. "Well, good-bye." As he tramps sturdily away, a thin stream of smoke over his shoulder, his words seem to echo in your ears: "It was the preacher and the church

people that got the school!" Once more the thought recurs that those two outstanding buildings seem to be mothering the lesser fry of homes about them. It's a lucky town, indeed, that has both a consolidated school and a church doing genuine community work and gathering all denominations impartially into its fold.

But affairs haven't always moved so well in Byron. In fact, it was only ten years ago that the church situation in Byron was in that same sorry mess so often found in small communities, wherein a number of churches, none having adequate leadership or vision, contend with each other for precarious existence while the people receive mighty little benefit from their presence. In that day there were two churches in Byron, the Methodist and one of another denomination. Four men and thirty-six women and children comprised the Methodist congregation. The other church was even more poorly attended. Neither had a resident, full-time pastor, but both were on three-point circuits. The Methodists paid their pastor $750 a year, the other church paid its man $500—on paper. The great aim of each was to raise the pastor's salary. And even in that limited object they were unsuccessful, each being about $200 shy at the end of the year.

Then, in 1912, the Methodist Church was left without any pastor. Things happen that way nowadays, for there is a dearth not only of big, capable, rural ministers but often of any kind at all. But in the fall of that year the Rev. E. C. Hickman, college and seminary graduate, came to Byron as the Methodist pastor. And shortly thereafter the whole situation was changed.

The Sunday school was his first point of attack. He was a young man with a vision of a church serving the community, he had a definite idea of how to bring that to pass, and he was minded to work. In no time at all, Sunday school attendance which previously had averaged about 50, jumped to 100; then to 125; then to 200; then to 250. The secret of Hickman's success was not difficult to find. He had reorganized the school, introduced graded lessons, aroused a spirit of interested emulation in class work, and he had engendered class loyalty by making each class in effect a young folks' club, with outings, picnics, parties of one sort and another. Shortly thereafter signs, great big ones, began to appear on the roads leading to Byron: "Boost for 300 Byron Community Sunday school."

It stirred the interest of the farmers roundabout, for whom Byron is the local center. They began driving into town to church. A Lyceum course with good lecturers was put on at the church that winter. A Farmers' Wheat and Corn Show was held, and 700 people attended. "We need a real church, equipped for the work we have to do," said Hickman. "We've outgrown this old one." The leaders of the congregation agreed, and a Building Committee was appointed. Then a snarl was struck, and a bad one. Readers familiar with the composition of the present-day church congregation, with its admixture of the older conservatives and the young element, eager, reaching out for advantages, can appreciate it. For the preacher wanted a gymnasium in the new church plant, and the older element, not all, but some, threw up their hands in horror. "Where is his spirituality?" they asked.

But in the main the growing congregation stood behind the preacher, and the church plant with its gymnasium, its kitchen and other features with which to carry out community work, was built.

It had taken two years in which to accomplish these things, and now a change of pastors occurred. In too many cases, where some active preacher, alive to the problems of today in rural life, has started something, a successor comes along who fails to put it through. Not so in this case. The new man was Ernest C. Reineke, like Hickman a college and seminary graduate. More, he is a Minnesota farm boy, born and bred on the land his grandfather had homesteaded. His wife, too, was born and brought up on a Minnesota farm.

The next three years saw many changes in Byron, and in every one of them by all accounts Reineke had a finger, and a big one. In the first place, Byron has a population drawn from ten different racial stocks. There are Danish, German, and Norwegian-Lutherans, Christians, Catholics, Presbyterians, Baptists, Universalists, Congregationalists and Dutch Reformed people there. But the Methodist Church had by now become so vital a force in the community that these other churchless people were all attending it, and the opposition church had gone out of business in the first year.

Byron had achieved town spirit, and it all stood at the back of Reineke, ready to support him. Vitally interested in everything that makes for better rural life, Reineke started campaigning for improvements of one sort and another. The little village, as a result, soon had electric lights. Gravel roads followed. Then came cement sidewalks.

By this time the people of the country round about were awake to Byron's possibilities as a good residence town. For twenty years not a new house had been built in the place. Now folks began to talk of making Byron their permanent home when they felt like dropping the reins of the farm. New houses with all conveniences were erected.

Then Reineke declared Byron needed a consolidated school.

"It's a shame," he said, "that the young people in order to get an education are compelled to leave home for four years to attend high school. They are weaned away from the farm."

A storm of protest arose because of the threatened increase in taxation. But Reineke is an able campaigner and he had able support. The proposition won. Byron Consolidated School rose swiftly, the delight of the countryside. Grade and full high school subjects were taught. Domestic Science, Agriculture and Manual Training were (and are) on the bill of fare. Almost before they realized that four years had come and gone, Byron folks saw the first fledglings fly away from high school to the State Agricultural College. And today, thanks to having been permitted to continue their residence on the farm while during their formative high school years, those same young folks are graduating from the State College and are returning to the farm.

Reineke believes in better farming. He was instrumental in the organization of the Byron Cow-Testing Association. This has been a great factor in the bettering of dairy herds. Pure bred cattle are more and more in evidence throughout the Byron territory, and today the community is a leader in this line.

You remember that man who first talked with you as you entered Byron? He mentioned the volley ball game in the gymnasium. That points to another of Reineke's activities. He believes country people need plenty of play, that they don't play enough. With that new church plant at hand, he started men, women and children to organizing basketball and volley ball teams, and today these organizations are a recognized part of Byron's social life. Home talent plays also are numerous, for there are several dramatic organizations within the congregation that have developed talent.

"All these various denominations worship together in the most beautiful spirit and no enmity exists among them," Reineke told me. "The church belongs to the Methodist denomination, but the Kingdom of God on earth belongs to all the people, and the pastor of Byron church must recognize that and serve the whole community. Everybody in the entire community contributes to the financial support and, during 1918, Byron church paid $4500 for budget and benevolences, as well as paying for a new parsonage. You see, folks are vitally interested in an institution that serves the whole community.

"I find the country folks very willing to follow a man if they find they can trust his judgment."

—Gerald B. Breitigan.

WHAT MAN CAN CALL ME CAPTIVE?

"What man can call me captive?—who am free
To cross the bridge afoot at six o'clock,
To loose myself along that human sea;
Or else, at midnight, high above a dock
Of darkness—small, remote, unreal, beneath—
Upon my brow to bear the stars, a fresh and living wreath.

"Is this a captive?—who at slightest cost
Sailing the harbor in the twilight air,
Sees the young Venice, whom the world had lost,
Breathlessly lift her might again, and wear
Her floating jewels with a wiser grace
Than if she had not changed her century and dwelling-place.

"Is this a captive?—whom the seventh day
Can lead upon the headlands and the crags.
Show him the river, open him the way
To all the wide-flung gates and high-blown flags
Of liberty—and, as the sunset falls,
Stretch for his worship, overstream beauty of roofs and walls.

"A thousand streets are mine. Or, if I choose,
They all shall lead me to an outer place;
Where I shall cover miles of beach and muse
Upon the windy world that woos my face
With buffets—crying back: 'Am I not he
Who, having served the city, by the city is set free!'"

—Witter Bynner.

"The Social Evolution of Religion," by George Willis Cooke, published this year by the Stratford Company, Boston, interprets the present social emphasis in religion. It has been read by H. G. Wells, who writes of it in this manner: "I have read 'The Social Evolution of Religion' with great interest. It is, I think, an admirable summary and stock taking of modern teaching, to me greatly needed at the present time. I am glad to receive it, and have it in time to recommend it to the readers of my 'Outlines of History.'"

HOW LYRICS ARE BORN.

A little flock of surging words
Across the sky from nowhere flew,
Like homing summer yellow-birds
All caroling for you.

—Arthur Guiterman.

The Bookman.

THE STUDY TABLE

New Books

TYPES OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE. Walter Barnes. Yonkers-on-Hudson:1919. World Book Co. 16mo, pp. xiii, 464.

This book is a remarkably satisfactory anthology of prose and poetry suitable for children's reading. It is not, however, primarily intended for children to read, but is a text-book "for use in Colleges, Normal Schools and Library Schools." The work of selection is carefully done and is based upon several definite principles. The aim is to present samples—masterpieces—of every type of children's literature in our language; each selection is given entire, as a literary unit; the selections are not written down to the child, an excellent thing, as much good matter which children would and should enjoy and appreciate is ruined in the attempt to "adapt" it; no American Indian stories are introduced, the myths and legends best suited to a child's literary development being those of his own ancestral folklore. The editor disclaims presenting a perfect classification. His grouping and arrangement are however suggestive and yield useful hints to the serious student and faithful teacher. There is, indeed, no actual discussion of classification, but it comes out clearly in the table of contents. In an appendix some suggestions are given and a list of those books that are indispensable to the school library.

EDUCATION BY STORY TELLING. Katherine Dunlap Cather. Yonkers-on-Hudson:1919. World Book Co. 16mo, pp. xviii (i), 396.

That story telling is important in education and should be employed is beyond question: that it should be as engulfing as Mrs. Cather here argues is doubtful. Her book demonstrates that it may be overdone. A dinner may well have some dainty or sweet in its make-up, but a person who has chocolate creams and frozen pudding instead of soup and roast beef is not altogether fortunate. The author presents her claims charmingly and her book abounds with pertinent suggestion and usable material. There is, however, much room for criticism. Her chapter on Bible stories will arouse hostilities in two camps and will not make a strong appeal to most thoughtful readers. The chapter on story telling to intensify interest in nature study is weak. If nature study is not interesting through the direct study of nature itself its value is lost and it should be dropped from the curriculum. It is certain that such stories as the "Bat and his Partners," and the "Forget-me-not," and even (to be destructively critical, though with due respect to David Starr Jordan) "The Story of a Stone," are *not* "helpful in nature study" or in science. They may be pretty stories and have some value elsewhere, but they are not nature study nor will they aid in accomplishing the aims of nature study. Mrs. Cather takes a different view from Barnes as to presenting the complete and original form, and he surely has the best of the argument. In her own hands, Mrs. Cather's way of re-telling stories may work, but in the hands of most parents and teachers her system will destroy the impulse to read for one's self and will lead to a loss of confidence in the honesty of the story teller and teacher. One impulse to original reading *will* result: the child who learns that a story has been expurgated, and they do learn it, will hunt with avidity through the original

for the omitted and emasculated passages. We criticize some of Mrs. Cather's extreme claims. To speak adequately of the excellent features of her book, of the excellent analysis of the child needs and of stories, of the useful detailed outline of stories adapted to the different grades, and of the bibliography, would require much more space than words of criticism.

DEMOCRACY AND WORLD RELATIONS. David Starr Jordan. Yonkers-on-Hudson:1919. World Book Co. 16mo, pp. vii, 158.

Whatever Dr. Jordan writes is entitled to serious and respectful consideration. This time he has written, by request, a text-book upon democracy and world relations. It was written in the anxious months preceding the armistice, when President Wilson's fine phrases were being heralded around the world and thoughtless people believed we had entered upon a new era of idealism that was to regenerate the world. Things developed and the reality of Versailles was a disappointment to those who had cherished the hope that the war was really one for democracy and that we had entered it because of great ideals. So far as the American people thought at all, it no doubt considered the war as such; but the American people did *not* throw this nation into war and the cunning manipulators who did force us to enter, knew quite well that when the time came matters would be adjusted in the old fashion. Our author says many fine things, which need the saying. Young people, however, judge largely by *results* and when they see the divergence between the peace treaty and the ideals here presented they will suspect there is some flaw in the logic and will not yield the ready assent which seemed natural at the moment when the book was written. As the book is a text-book, intended for continued use, it is a pity that bitter prejudice is sowed by matter in the appendix. The printing of that matter was doubtfully judicious even in the midst of war; it is unfortunate now, when the war is ended and the best of goodwill is necessary if reconstruction is to be made.

GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS OF SWITZERLAND. Robert C. Brooks. Yonkers-on-Hudson:1918. World Book Co. 16mo, pp. xv, 430.

The third number of the "Government Handbook Series" deals with Switzerland. The earlier numbers have considered the German Empire and the Dominion of Canada. The series is to include all of the leading nations and the volumes are intended for college text-books. They are to be by different authors, each dealing with a country with which he is especially familiar. Switzerland is interesting far beyond her size and population. Her isolated position, her powerful and larger aggressive neighbors, her topography, her population—markedly diverse in blood and language, to the degree that it is practically three peoples —have given her special and urgent problems. She has shown herself forceful and resourceful in dealing with them. One of the most democratic of lands, she has often been a leader in experiments and policies, which other nations have found useful. All in all the volume is of unusual interest.

THE WHITE INDIAN BOY. E. N. Wilson. (Revised and edited by Howard R. Driggs). Yonkers-on-Hudson:1919. World Book Co. 16mo, pp. xii, 222.

E. N. Wilson, known as "Uncle Nick," had a long and interesting experience of frontier life. He was pioneer, boy among Indians, rider of the pony-express, stage-driver, trapper, guide, interpreter. His stories are here brought together as a supplementary reader. Their greatest interest is found in those in which his life as a white "papoose" among the Shoshone Indians is narrated. The volume is the first in a "Pioneer Life Series."

FREDERICK STARR.

A State of Mind

Francis Place, the Radical Tailor of Charing Cross,* made some comments on the "state of mind" of the governing classes of England in the period immediately following the Napoleonic Wars. It makes interesting reading today. He made the following comment in regard to the Castlereagh administration:

The administration adopted in time of peace the means which Pitt had used in time of war. They took advantage of the general distress and partial discontent of the people and employed spies to excite tumults, to form plots, to foment sedition and to produce treason. Every plot, real or imaginary, every movement of the populace which could be instigated, every paltry penny publication (some of which were their own) which could be made to talk seditiously, as the nonsense they contained was called, were magnified into serious, seditious, outrageous tumults, horrid and widely extended treasons, shaking the very foundations of the government and threatening its overthrow. And even the poor harmless Spenceans with their library consisting of an old Bible and three or four small publications, a high priest under the name of librarian and some forty or fifty followers, were held out as a bugbear to all men of landed property, who were to succumb to these formidable and numerous speculators and to be compelled to resign their land to the parishes for the use of the whole community.

It is to be remembered that Francis Place had risen at this time from the lowest poverty to a position of great wealth and influence. He had this comment to make in reference to the trusting people:

The people who are the most dreaded are the most confiding. So long as there is no glaring misconduct in their trustees and no marked oppression upon themselves, they will not interfere; and, in spite of all that has been said of demagogues misleading them, if a man cannot show that they are really oppressed, treated with contumely and plundered, he can produce no effect upon them. Vague generalities will not avail him in matters where the people have the power to choose their own representatives. To excite them to any extent to induce them to act in any way he must go far beyond supposed grievances, he must have real grievances to work upon, and even this would not avail his purpose unless the people had been previously dissatisfied, were ill used, and saw some chance of remedy through the exertions of the demagogue. And whenever these circumstances existed, a demagogue would be a very desirable person.

Place did not have much respect for Hunt, the speaker at the meeting at St. Peter's Field, near Manchester, on August 16, 1819, which resulted in the now historic "Peterloo massacre." He thought Hunt a demagogue. And yet he, a prosperous business man with an income of over fifteen thousand a year, said, speaking of Hunt's reception in London after he had been released on bail:

Whose fault is it that no better man goes among the people? Not theirs; they will cling to the best man that makes common cause with them. I remember how I felt when I was a working man, and know how they feel, and how far they reason. If none shows himself but Hunt, Hunt must be their man.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

* "Life of Francis Place" by Graham Wallas (A. A. Knopf, N. Y., 3rd edit., 1919).

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

A LETTER TO THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

June 8, 1920.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:

We have just read your editorial, "A Welcome Return," in which you announce "the formal return of the Community Church of New York to the Unitarian household." This editorial is kind and generous in spirit, but it is based upon an absolute misinterpretation of our recent "Declaration," and in the interest of accuracy we must ask for space in which to make correction.

The "Declaration" of the Community Church was intended to indicate not a "return" but an advance. It was formulated not in order to bring us back to where we were a year ago, but to carry us forward still further on the new road definitely entered upon at that time. It marks a continuation of our process of reorganization as a community church.

The first paragraph states the simple fact that "the Community Church is in origin and legal status a Unitarian church." This of course is as true today as it was yesterday; and inasmuch as such legal status leaves us absolutely free to do as we please as a separate church, and as we have great fondness for the parent body, we see no reason for attempting any formal separation.

The second paragraph of our "Declaration," which you altogether ignore in your editorial, states the much more important fact "that the Community Church is much more than simply a Unitarian church"—that "it has organized on lines never heretofore deliberately attempted by any other religious body"—that "it has given itself to a new plan of reconstruction . . . and has entered upon a new venture in the field of unfolding spiritual life." In other words, we here proclaim the continuing evolution of our church from its past status as a merely denominational institution to its future status as an out-and-out community institution. In evidence of this evolution we have taken five new forward steps, in supplementation of those taken a year ago, as follows:

1. We have agreed to disband our Denominational Committee, to outlaw all public appeals and offerings for strictly Unitarian organizations, and to limit our contributions to fixed annual membership fees to the American Unitarian Association and the General Conference. (See Point I.)

2. We have agreed to join our church, by payment of similar fixed annual membership fees, to all church organizations of any kind which "may represent something of our inclusive spirit of religious fellowship." (See Point II.)

3. We have agreed to encourage our subsidiary church societies to make similar connections with outside interchurch, inter-denominational and social groups. (See Point III.)

4. We have agreed to change our corporate name as a church, as one year ago we changed our popular name. Our corporate name is now the "Second Congregational Unitarian Church." We are now engaged in taking the necessary legal steps to change this to "The Community Church (Second Congregational Unitarian Church) of the City of New York." It is further agreed that in all public usage its corporate name shall appear as "The Community Church of New York." (See Point IV.)

5. We have agreed to remove our church newspaper advertising from the Unitarian classification and place it in a separate and more inclusive classification of its own. (See Point V.)

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the Community Church of New York is taking no backward steps. It is moving steadily and surely by the step-by-step process of advance toward the attainment of its fixed purpose to become an institution representative of a wholly new and revolutionary type of applied religion. We regret that the "Declaration," carefully worded to give due recognition to the Unitarianism which we still love and reverence, should have given any suggestion of reversion.

John Haynes Holmes.
John Herman Randall.

A MODERN PATRIARCH.

Upon the eightieth birthday anniversary of Mr. Samuel Ullman of Birmingham, Ala., there appeared in the *Jewish Spectator* of that city the following tribute. Mr. Ullman was an old and highly esteemed friend of the senior editor of UNITY and we are glad to reprint this appreciation of our long time reader:

"The life of Samuel Ullman may be likened unto an oasis in the desert of existence. . . .

All jealousy, envy and prejudice dwindle away in his presence. He has been teacher and preacher by innate character, example and inspiration to family, friends and community.

He has never bowed his head to hypocrisy, malice, oppression or persecution, but has stood steadfast and true and has been guide and counsellor and attended our days of joy and nights of sorrow, and given of time, talent and means to the poor and the distressed.

Unfettered by superstition, ignorance, bigotry, forms and ceremonials, which in themselves mean nothing unless they lead the upward way, he has ever lived the life of the true Jew of ancient days.

His whole career reminds us of the early teachers of whom we read in Holy Writ—those modest, virtuous, unselfish and godly men, firm in their own faith and yet tolerant of the opinion or religion of other men.

Born in the very nest of autocracy, it seems as though he was transplanted in early youth to more congenial soil—that is America. He never had the benefit of a college course, but self-reliant, obtained by experience, reading and thinking a wide education, which no school or university can bring. As a young man, inspired by the loftiest patriotism for his adopted country, he responded to the call of arms in the 60s, bravely shouldered his gun and fought in battle until wounded and disabled he could no longer serve.

After peace was declared, he devoted every spare moment to reconstruction and to the upbuilding of church and school by active leadership, energy and enthusiasm. In his business career he practiced that which he taught—the golden rule—but, above all his accomplishments as a factor for good in this and other states, we esteem his fine, beau-

Phone Oakland 489 JANITORS' SUPPLIES

Everything in HARDWARE

AT

PORTER'S

4236 Cottage Grove Ave.

THE FREEMAN

A NEW weekly growing out of the expanding American life that seeks international perspective in opinion and interpretation. Its point of view is that of fundamental economics; it concerns itself more with the principles of politics than with superficial issues; and especially with the economic principles that underlie politics. A similar broad policy governs its treatment of literature and the arts.

Edited by FRANCIS NEILSON *and* ALBERT JAY NOCK

One year $6.00 ($6.50 in Canada; $7.00 elsewhere) *Ten weeks* $1.00

Sample copy on request

THE FREEMAN, Inc.

B. W. Huebsch, President 32 W. 58th street, New York

Is Violence the Way Out of Our Industrial Disputes?

By John Haynes Holmes

Minister of the Community Church of New York

Author of "New Wars for Old," Etc.

An attempt to apply to the perilous industrial situation of our time the doctrine of non-resistance, of which Dr. Holmes has long been an advocate. This doctrine, contrary to popular conception, is not a plea for acquiescence in evil or surrender to tyranny. It presents a program of courageous action and constructive reform, based on the fundamental idea of rational goodwill. In the industrial, as in the international field, it offers in the author's judgment, the only way of escape from the sufferings we now endure, and the catastrophies toward which we move.

Published by **DODD, MEAD & CO.,** *New York*

Bowman Dairy Company

MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY

Milk Cream Butter Buttermilk

DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?

4221-4229 State Street Telephones at all Division Offices

EVANSTON CHICAGO OAK PARK

It's a "Case" of Necessity

Your Printing will be above criticism if done by

THE OAKLAND PRESS

728 E. 39th Street
Phone Douglas 244

The Social Evolution of Religion

By GEORGE WILLIS COOKE
Foreword by John Haynes Holmes

THE STRATFORD COMPANY
Publishers
12 Pearl Street Boston, Mass.
8vo. cloth, 440 large pages. $3.50 net
Postage 20 cents
Sent to any address by mail or can be ordered from any bookseller

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
FOUR AUTOMOBILES

We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.

Bissell Laundry Co.
Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street Chicago

Schumann & Company

Cleaners of

FANCY GOWNS AND KID GLOVES

Having winter garments cleaned before storing them will keep out moth

PHONE DREXEL 231
ALL DEPARTMENTS

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Avenue

. . . . . "who would be abreast of thought"

SHOULD READ

The Christian Register

16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

A Weekly Journal of Constructive and Progressive Religion

Subscription $3 Club Rates
SEND FOR FREE COPY

tiful character and disposition, his cheerful philosophy and optimism under all the vicissitudes incident to a long, active career—the love he bore his wife and children and in fact to all mankind—his constant belief in the fatherhood of God and his practice in the brotherhood of man. These characteristics stand pre-eminently dominant and above all else. In time to come, the children and children's children of Samuel Ullman will not speak of his worldly goods, but, with upward tilt of head, when they gather by the fireside, will rehearse his splendid life.

Richard H. Fries.

Involuntary Helpers of Christianity

Will the Church Revive or Die?

By JOHN MAURITZ

An attempt to show the real causes of the decay of the orthodox Christian churches and also the only consistent remedy.

Price, 25 Cents

For sale at the

MINNEAPOLIS BOOK EXCHANGE
626 Hennepin Avenue Minneapolis, Minn.

JUST PUBLISHED

Only by the Abolition of Neutrality Can War be Quickly and Forever Prevented

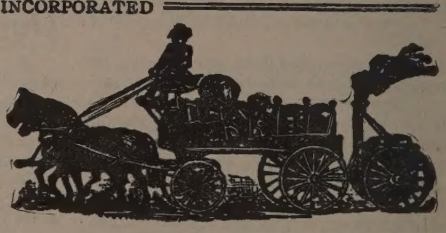
By LUIGI CARNOVALE
Author of the bi-lingual book (English and Italian)
"Why Italy Entered Into the Great War," Etc.

Price, 25 Cents

ITALIAN-AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
30 North Michigan Avenue Chicago

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works

INCORPORATED

FRANK R. PRIEVE, Pres.
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 378

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing